

THE
DEFENDERS

MARVEL COMICS GROUP



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THE DEFENDERS



THE RAIN
HAS DRIVEN THE
ENTIRE CITY
INSANE!

AND ONLY
WE THREE
STAND
AGAINST
THEM!

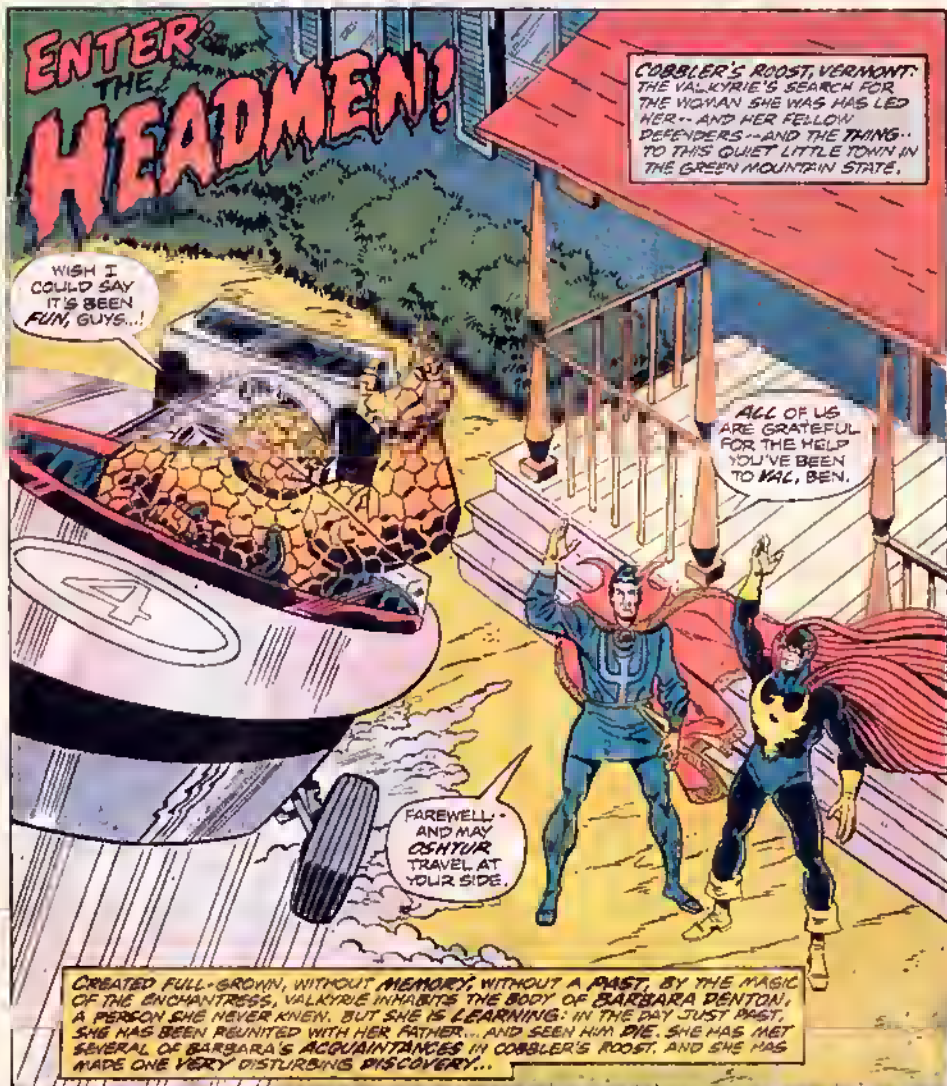
BEWARE THE BLACK RAIN!

The mysterious **DR. STRANGE!** The vibrant **VALKYRIE!** The savage **SUB-MARINER!** The high-flying **NIGHTHAWK!** The incredible **HULK!** Evil-does **TREMBLE** at the names—for these five form the crux of the greatest **NON-TEAM** in history, heroes called together only when the need arises—to battle **MENACES** that threaten the security—or the very **LIFE**—of the planet **EARTH!**

Stan Lee **THE DYNAMIC DEFENDERS!**

TM

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... ONE SHE HAS NOT YET SHARED
WITH NIGHTHAWK OR DR. STRANGE.

HAVE YOU NOTICED... HOW SILENT
AND ~~WITHDRAWN~~ VAL HAS BEEN
SINCE WE DEFEATED VAN NYBORSS
CUT THIS MORNING?*

ARE YOU
SERIOUS,
DOC? I'M
SURPRISED
SHE CAN
FUNCTION AT
ALL.

*AS SEEN LAST ISSUE. -- LEN.

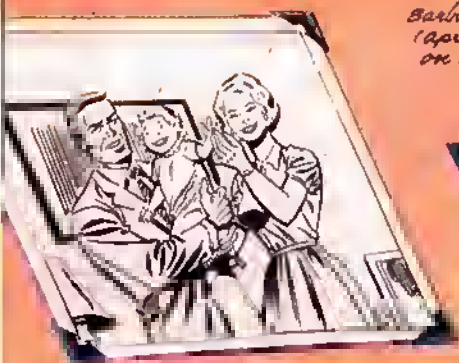
ESPECIALLY HANGING AROUND THIS
OLD PLACE... WHERE SHE AND HER
FAMILY SPENT THEIR SUMMERS
TOGETHER.

SHE MUST
FEEL LIKE
THE ONLY
LIVING
THING IN A
HOUSE FULL
OF GHOSTS.

I CAN
HARDLY
ARGUE
WITH THAT
AND YET...

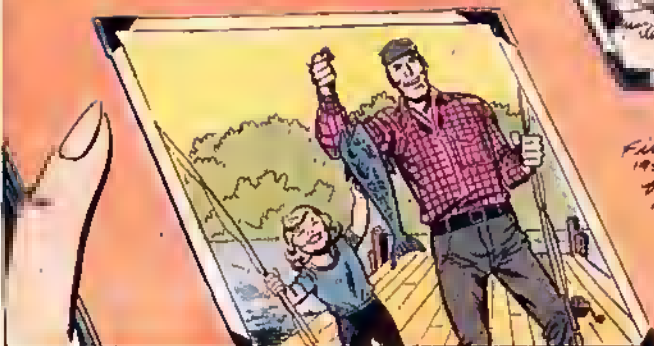
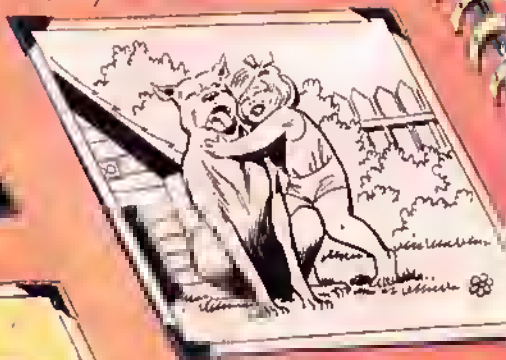
"DO YOU KNOW... THAT UNTIL I OPENED THIS BOOK, I WAS NOT EVEN CERTAIN OF MY
OWN AGE? CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW IT FEELS NOT TO RECOGNIZE YOURSELF AS A CHILD?"

HOW OUR *Barbara* GREW

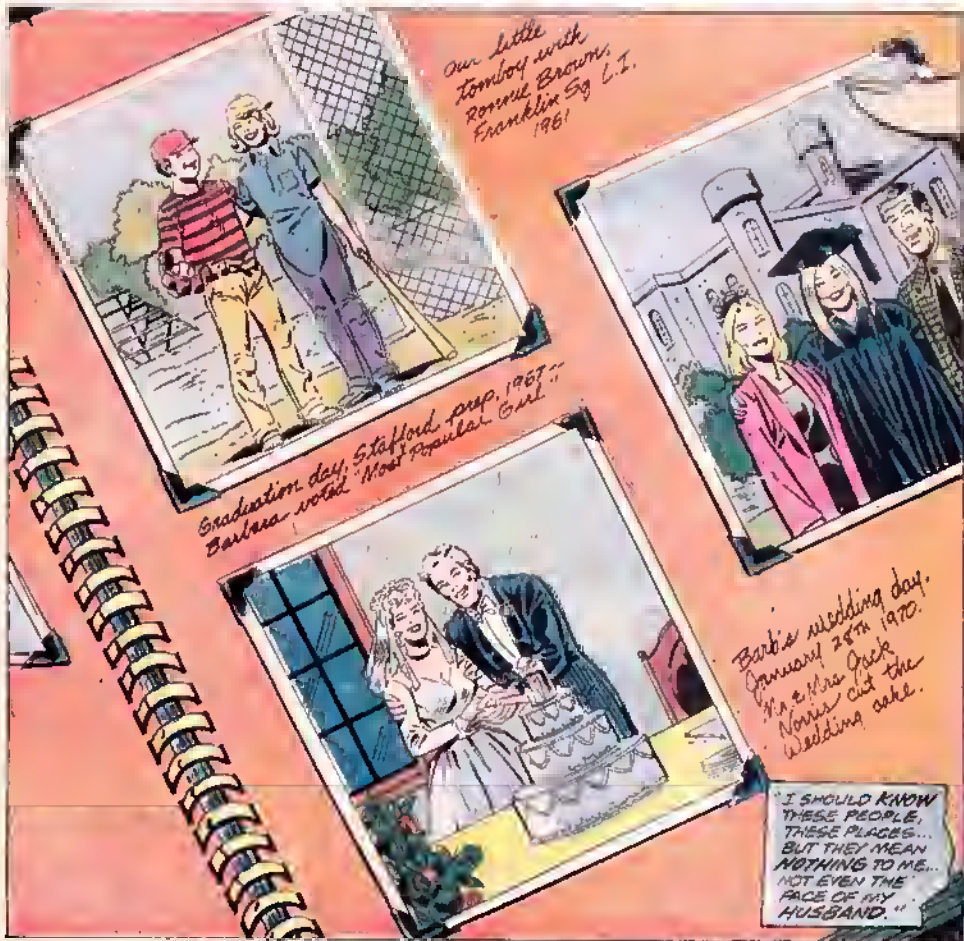
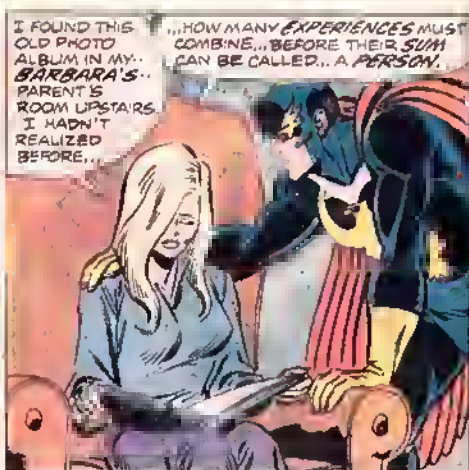
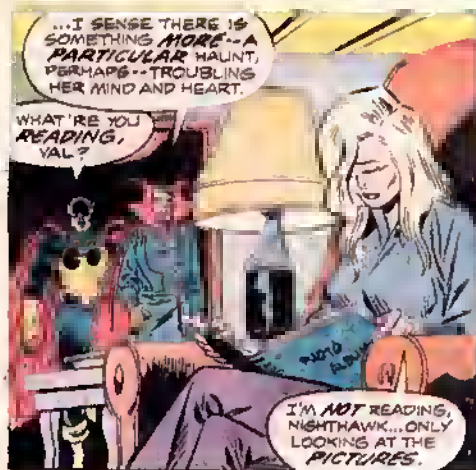


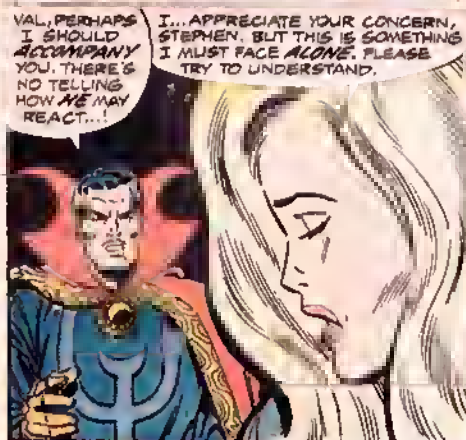
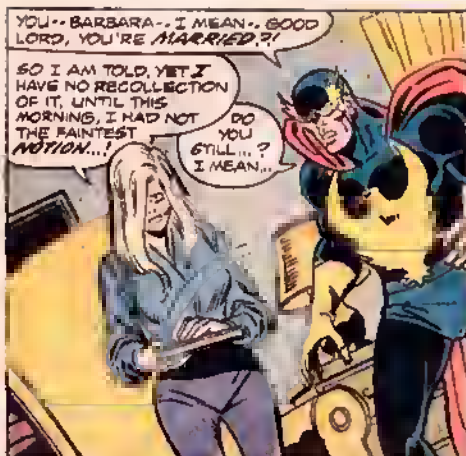
*Barbara at one year
(April 7, 1951) at our home
on avenue J in Flatbush*

*Barbara with Duke on
Long Island, 1954*



*First summer in Vermont,
1958. Barb and Alvin's
first big catch on
Hunter's Pier*





CUT: TO WESTBURY CONNECTICUT,
SUBURBAN REFUGE FROM THE
CRIME AND GRIME OF THE CITY
FOR NEW YORK'S EXECUTIVE
MINIONS.

OKAY, NON,
I'M ON MY
WAY TO THE
CLUB.

HAVE A GOOD
GAME, GEORGE...
AND DON'T
FORGET.. ON
YOUR WAY
HOME... HALF
A GALLON OF
MILK AND A
LOAF OF
BREAD...?

NO RICE
KRISPIES?
NO LIVER-
WURST?

WELL, NOW
THAT YOU
MENTION IT..

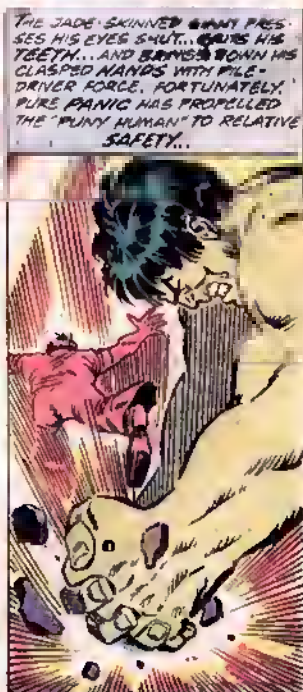
IT NEVER FAILS.
HOW CAN I KEEP
MY MIND ON THE
TEE WHEN I--

OH, NO! NO.
JUNE... LOOK--
OUT ON THE
LAWN!!

WESTBURY, CONNECTICUT: SAFE HAVEN NO MORE

FOR, LEAPING ACROSS THE CONTINENT ON THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL LEGS, A CERTAIN INCREDIBLE GREEN GIANT HAS CHOSEN TO PAUSE HERE...

...TO WATCH THESE HAPPY
LITTLE PEOPLE AT PLAY. HE
LIKES CHILDREN. THEIR
LAUGHTER SOOTHES HIS
SPIRIT, MAKES HIM SMILE...
WHILE AN AWE-STUCK
NEIGHBORHOOD TREMBLES.



ALAS, THE SAME
CANNOT BE SAID
FOR HIS HOME.



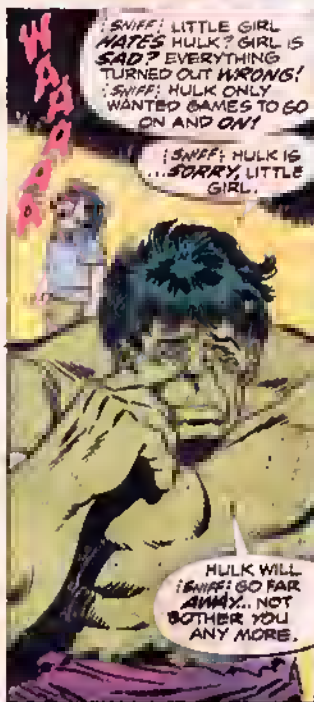
THE HULK'S BLOW
SETS UP A
SHOCK WAVE WHICH
COURSES ACROSS
THE LAWN... AND
BRINGS DOWN
THE HOUSE!

AND THEN HULK HIMSELF
IS STRUCK THE CRUELEST
BLOW OF ALL. HIS DINING
FRIEND, WAILING
HYSTERICALLY, POUNDS
SAVAGELY ON HIS
MASSIVE KNEECAP...!



YOU'RE
NOT
NICE!

YOU BROKE
MY MOUSE!
YOU HURT MY
DADDY! I
HATE YOU! I
HATE YOU!!



WAAAAA
SNIFF: LITTLE GIRL
HATES HULK? GIRL IS
SAD? EVERYTHING
TURNED OUT WRONG!
SNIFF: HULK ONLY
WANTED GAMES TO GO
ON AND ON!

SNIFF: HULK IS
...SORRY, LITTLE
GIRL.

MULK WILL
SNIFF! GO FAR
AWAY... NOT
BOOTHER YOU
ANY MORE.

A SINGLE LEAP SENDS HIM
HURLING OVER THE HORIZON,
OUT OF SIGHT...



...AND AS ONE,
THE NEIGHBORS
BREATHE A
SIGH OF RELIEF...
DR. ARTHUR
NAGAN MOST
OF ALL.

FORTUNATE
THAT BRAT'S
CRYING STOPPED
HIM.. HAD HE
RIPPED OPEN
MY HOUSE...

SILENTLY, NAGAN RETURNS TO
HIS HOME... DIRECTLY ACROSS
THE STREET FROM THE RUINED
RESIDENCE OF GEORGE AND
JUNE.

D' DO YOU REALIZE...
THAT UNLESS WE'RE INSURED
FOR DESTRUCTION BY BIG
GREEN MONSTERS... WE NOW
HOLD A 30-YEAR MORTGAGE...
ON A PILE OF RUBBLE?

I'LL BE 64 YEARS
OLD... WHEN WE OWN...
OUR OWN NOTHING!



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

OTHERS RUSH TO GEORGE'S SIDE, OFFERING AID, SHELTER, OR MERELY A SHOULDER TO CRY ON. BUT NAGAN HAS NO TIME FOR SUCH TRIFLES.

THEY'RE STARING AT ME, SOME OF THEM... AS USUAL.

WONDERING WHY I DON'T JOIN THEM... OR SIMPLY ATTYING ME, PERHAPS, FOR MY STOOPED POSTURE... MY CURIOUS SHUFFLING GAIT...

GOOD. LET THEM SAWK. LET THEM WONDER.

I CARE NOTHING FOR THEM... OR FOR ANYTHING MERELY HUMAN, ESPECIALLY NOW, WHEN OUR WORK IS ABOUT TO REACH FRUITION.

IS THAT YOU, NAGAN? WHAT WAS THAT DISTURBANCE OUTSIDE? THE WHOLE HOUSE WAS SHAKING, IT FELT LIKE A MINOR EARTHQUAKE. I WANTED TO LOOK...

BUT THE MIXTURE WAS ENTERING A CRITICAL PHASE... REQUIRING PRECISE APPLICATION OF HEAT.

IT'S STABLE NOW... AND IT SHOULD STAY THAT WAY.

ARE YOU SAYING YOU'VE FOUND IT, JERRY? THE CORRECT FORMULA? I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE IT!

TO THINK THAT AT LAST WE HAVE THE MEANS WITH WHICH TO EXACT OUR REVENGE...

DON'T BE SO MELODRAMATIC, ARTHUR. IT'S WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR, BUT IT'S STILL USELESS...

...UNTIL WE FIND THE PROPER HEAD TO RECIEVE IT. I KNOW.

SO NOW ALLOW ME TO SURPRISE YOU: I'VE DONE IT. A WEEK AGO, HE IS IN NEW YORK... AWAITING WORD FROM US.

WHAT?! AND YOU DIDN'T TELL ME? WHY?

YOU WORK SLOPPILY UNDER PRESURE, JERRY.

WE COULD NOT AFFORD A RUSSH JOB... NOT WHEN WE STAND TO LOSE... SO VERY MUCH.

WRESTBURY, CONNECTICUT. PERHAPS IT WAS NEVER A SAFE PLACE AT ALL.

FOR, IN ALL PROBABILITY, THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A TRULY "SAFE" PLACE. SECURITY IS A STATE OF MIND... UTTERLY UNRELATED TO CRIME STATISTICS OR BANK STATEMENTS.

VAL, ARE YOU CERTAIN?

ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN, STEPHEN. WAIT FOR ME HERE IF YOU MUST, BUT COME NO FURTHER.

LAFFERTY'S BOARDING HOUSE

YOU DON'T NEED TO COME NO FURTHER YOURSELF, BARBARA NORRIS!

YOU CAN TURN ON YOUR GREEDY LITTLE HEELS AN' GET RIGHT OFF MY PROPERTY. FORE I CALL THE SHERIFF!

SIDES, JACK AIN'T HERE.

Y-YOU MUST BE MRS. LAFFERTY. WOULD YOU KNOW WHERE I COULD FIND JACK...?

YOU FIGGER I'D TELL YA-- EVEN IF I KNEW-- AFTER WHAT YOU DONE TO THAT BOY, WALKIN' OUT ON 'IM AND ALL? NEVER!

NOW YOU PROB'LY WANNA DIVORCE 'IM-- GET CHUNK O' THE MONEY HIS FATHER LEFT HIM!

I KNOW YOUR KIND, SWEETIE-- AND YOU'RE NOT SONNA HURT 'IM AGAIN!

SECURITY! THAT'S ALL YOU'RE AFTER-- FOR WHEN YA AIN'T PRETTY NO MORE, AN' YA CAN'T FIND NO FANCY-PANTS NEW YORK ARTIST LIKE THIS ONE TO TAKE CARE O' YA!

GET OUT O' MY SIGHT-- FORE I SCRATCH YOUR EYES OUT!

STEPHEN... TAKE ME HOME! I BEG YOU!

"TAKE ME AWAY FROM THIS-- THIS LUNACY," VAL CRIES, AND SO AN INCANTATION IS SPOKEN...

...AT VIRTUALLY THE SAME INSTANT A JET-PROPELLED NIGHT-HAWK LANDS AT KYLE RICHMOND'S PARK AVENUE PENTHOUSE.

...BUT I HAD IT COMING. LEFT MYSELF WIDE OPEN.

I'VE JUST GOT A WEAKNESS FOR WEIRD WOMEN, I GUESS. FIRST, A HIPPIE-- TURNED-FASHION MODEL WHO HATES HER CAREER BUT WON'T GIVE IT UP...

...AND NOW A FEMALE THOR WHO'S ALREADY BEEN KILLED.

...AND STEPHEN AND BARBARA ARE WHISKED MAGICALLY BACK TO NEW YORK CITY...

I HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO TRIKIE IN MONTHS, THOUGH...NOT SINCE I JOINED THE DEFENDERS, MAYBE. BY NOW SHE'S COME TO HER SENSES, THE WHOLE BUSINESS OF MODELLING JUST UNTIL SHE HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY A FARM AND SET UP AN ARTISTS' COMMUNE WAS CRAZY. I TRIED TO TELL HER...



KYLE?
KYLE, IS
THAT YOU?

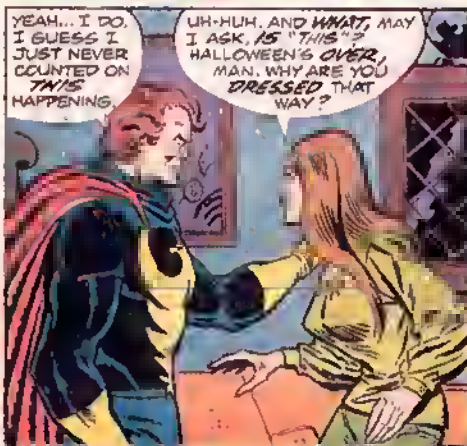


WHAT...WHO...?
TRIKIE STARR?!

I WAS JUST THINKING YOU. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HOW DID YOU GET IN?

FIRST OFF... I'M CALLING MYSELF **TRISH** NOW, NOT TRIKIE... AND I'M HERE WAITING FOR YOU... AND I GOT IN...

...WITH THE KEY YOU GAVE ME. REMEMBER?



YEAH... I DO. I GUESS I JUST NEVER COUNTED ON THIS HAPPENING

UH-HUH. AND WHAT, MAY I ASK, IS "THIS"? HALLVREEN'S OVER, MAN. WHY ARE YOU DRESSED THAT WAY?



YOU REALLY WANNA KNOW, HUH? OKAY, I NEVER COULD LIE TO YOU--NOT SUCCESSFULLY, ANYWAY.

SIT DOWN, KID. IT'S A LONG STORY...



LONG... AND BIZARRE, BUT IN THE HALF-HOUR OR SO THAT ROLLS, KYLE TELLS ALL: THE GRANDMASTER, THE SQUADRON SINISTER...

...AND BY THE TIME HE COMES TO COBBLER'S ROOST, TRISH STARR IS LEFT STARING AND SPEECHLESS.



...SO THAT'S THE STORY OF MY LIFE, ANY SKELETONS IN YOUR CLOSETS, TRISH?

ONE. AN EVIL OLD UNCLE. BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT.



WHAT GETS ME IS THIS LITTLE BIT OF INNOCENCE AN IDEALISM I'M SEEING IN YOU FOR THE FIRST TIME. AND, TOO, I CAN'T HELP WONDERING...

...WHERE YOU EVER GOT THE GALL TO CALL ME CRAZY!

EVENTS OF THE SAME DAY: A BLEARY-EYED BRUCE BANNER STAGGERS FROM AN ALLEYWAY ONTO THE SIDEWALKS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE.

HEAD THROBBING... DID I PASS OUT... OR FALL ASLEEP... OR WHAT?

ALWAYS SO HARD TO RECALL... WHAT HAPPENS TO ME AS THE HULK... I CAN ONLY SURMISE THAT I MUST'VE GONE THROUGH SOME MAMMOTH EMOTIONAL CRISIS... BROUGHT ABOUT THE TRANSFORMATION... BUT HIS STRAIN TOOK ITS TOLL ON ME... HEADED THERE...

TO THE SANCTUM OF DR. STRANGE! GRATEFUL HE HAD THAT MUCH SENSE...

STEPHEN... SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR.

WHY...? OH, YES, WE'D BEST ANSWER IT. WONG IS OCCUPIED GETTING DINNER... AND WE CAN DO NO MORE FOR VAL.

PLEASE... DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT ME... ALL I NEED IS TIME...

AND SO, RELUCTANTLY, THEY TURN TO THE FOYER, AND--

CLEA... DOC...

STEPHEN! ISN'T THAT--?

YES, CLEA--IT IS!

I HEARD A COMMOTION... WHAT?... DOCTOR BANNER! IS HE HURT?

NOT INJURED, NO... BUT HE'S SUFFERING NEAR-TOTAL EXHAUSTION.

HELP ME GET HIM INSIDE.

THERE... WITH SUFFICIENT REST, HE SHOULD RECOVER COMPLETELY.

THIS SEEMS TO BE OUR DAY FOR CALAMITY.

THE NEXT FEW HOURS, HOWEVER, PASS IN RELATIVE CALM. BANNER IS SHOWN UPSTAIRS TO A GUEST ROOM AND SUMMARILY FALLS INTO DEEP SLEEP. AND THE EVENING MOVES ON TOWARD MIDNIGHT....

WHILE, BENEATH A VIADUCT OF THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY...

HE SHOULD BE ARRIVING AT ANY MOMENT.

A PITY, ISN'T IT, THAT WE COULD NOT USE THE SERUM ON OURSELVES... THAT, GENIUSES THOUGH WE ARE, OUR MINDS ARE NOT TRAINED TO PROBE BEYOND THE EARTHLY SPHERE.

I DISLIKE HAVING TO TRUST ANOTHER... BUT WE REQUIRE A VISIONARY, A SEER.

NAGAN--
LOOK!
ABOVE
US!

IT APPEARS AT FIRST TO BE BUT A SPECK OF LIGHT... BUT IT GROWS LARGER AS IT DRAWS CLOSER, DESCENDING INTO THEIR PRESENCE LIKE A LIVING BOREALIS-- THE MULTI-HUED AURA--

--OF CHONDU THE MYSTIC!

AND NOT JUST ANY SEER, DR. NAGAN-- BUT ONE SUCH AS I--

--SCORNFUL BY MEN AS A FAKER, A CHARLATAN!

ONE WHO, LIKE YOURSELVES, HAD BEEN OSTRACIZED FROM HIS COLLEAGUES AND FROM SOCIETY AT LARGE.

LIKE YOU, JEROLD MORGAN, WHOSE EXPERIMENTS IN CELLULAR COMPRESSION PREDATED EVEN THOSE OF HENRY PIM...

...BUT WHICH ENDED IN YOUR DISASTROUS DISGRACE.

AND YOU, DR. NAGAN... WHOSE ORGAN TRANSPLANTS WORKED TOO WELL. THE APES YOU USED AS DONORS REBELLED... SOMEHOW GAINED HUMAN INTELLECT... AND GRAFTED YOUR HEAD ONTO ONE OF THEIR BODIES!

OH, YES... I'VE INVESTIGATED YOU THOROUGHLY, AS YOU SURELY DID ME... AND I AM FULLY PREPARED TO JOIN YOUR ENTERPRISE, GENTLEMEN, FOR EVEN ONE WHO SEES BEYOND THIS MORTAL VALE...

...MAY DESIRE THE WORLDLY WEALTH MAN'S IGNORANCE HAS DENIED HIM.

EMPLOYING A STRANGE DIAMOND-TIPPED HYDRODERMIC DRILL, NAGAN INJECTS THE MORGAN SERUM DIRECTLY INTO GHONDI'S SKULL.

ALMOST AT ONCE, THE MYSTIC'S BRAIN CELLS REACT.



IMPULSES RACE FROM NEURON TO NEURON AT SHORTER AND SHORTER INTERVALS, THE INTERIOR OF HIS HEAD A VERITABLE BLEG-TRON BLAZE... AND HE ENTERS A TRANCE THAT IS MORE THAN A TRANCE.



AND, ACCORDING TO PLAN, HE PROBES FURTHER THAN HE EVER DARED BEFORE BEYOND OUR UNIVERSE... FOR A WEAPON!



THE FINGERS OF HIS CONSCIOUSNESS REACH OUT... CLUTCH... PULL... DRAWING A NIGHTMARE INTO OUR WORLD...

... A SINISTER DREAM THAT DISSOLVES INTO BLACK RAIN AND SEEPS INTO SLEEPING MINDS THROUGHOUT THE CITY.

OF COURSE, THE PHENOMENON IS NOT A PHYSICAL ONE... NOR EVEN VISIBLE... TO THOSE WHO ARE AWARE THIS NIGHT.

IT'S BEEN TOO LONG SINCE I'VE SPENT A WHOLE DAY JUST TALKING TO SOMEONE.

TOO LONG SINCE I'VE HAD SOMEONE I COULD TALK TO THAT WAY.

POOR TRISH... FELL ASLEEP ON THE COUCH IN THE MIDDLE OF A SENTENCE, ALL TALKED OUT.

THAT CRAZY LADY SET ME THINKING OUT MY LIFE ALL OVER AGAIN, SHE'S TOO -

AAAAAEE



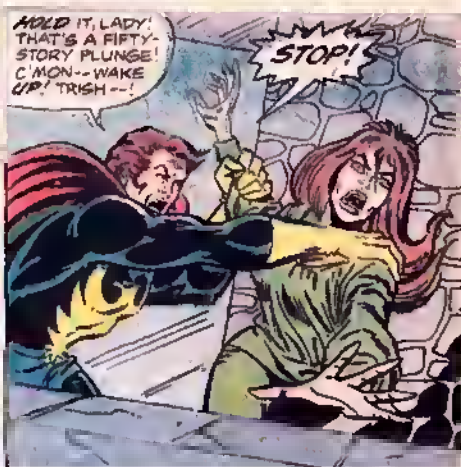
TRISH!



THEY COME RACING OUT ONTO THE ROOF GARDEN, EYES WIDE OPEN.

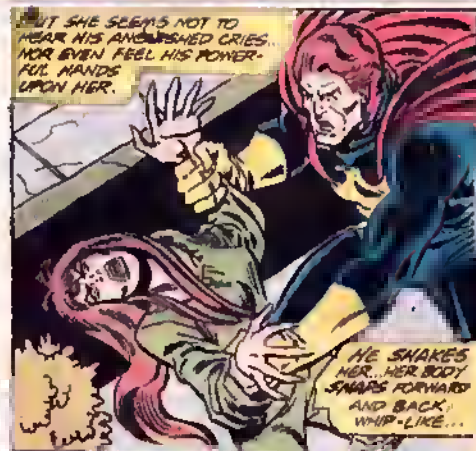
BUT SEEING NOTHING SAVE THE DREAM TERROR

SHE'S RUNNING... IN HER SLEEP!



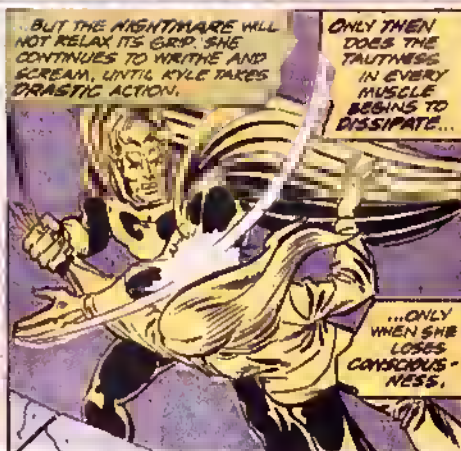
HOLD IT, LADY! THAT'S A FIFTY-STORY PLUNGE! C'MON--WAKE UP! TRISH--!

STOP!



BUT SHE SEEMS NOT TO HEAR HIS ANGUISHED CRIES. NOR EVEN FEEL HIS POWERFUL HANDS UPON HER.

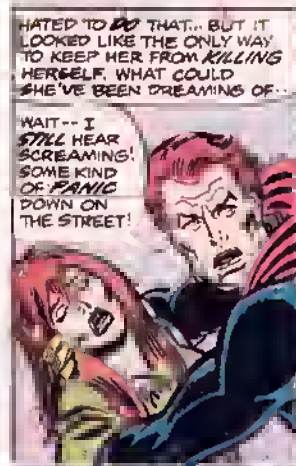
HE SHAKES HER... HER BODY SNAPS FORWARD AND BACK... WHIP-LIKE...



BUT THE NIGHTMARE WILL NOT RELAX ITS GRIP. SHE CONTINUES TO WRITHE AND SCREAM, UNTIL KYLE TAKES DRASTIC ACTION.

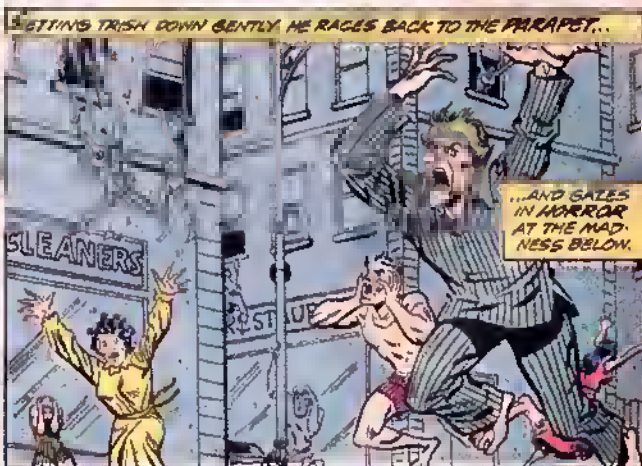
ONLY THEN DOES THE TIGHTNESS IN EVERY MUSCLE BEGINS TO DISSIPATE...

...ONLY WHEN SHE LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS.



HATED TO DO THAT... BUT IT LOOKED LIKE THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP HER FROM KILLING HERSELF. WHAT COULD SHE'VE BEEN DREAMING OF...

WAIT-- I STILL HEAR SCREAMING! SOME KIND OF PANG DOWN ON THE STREET!



GETTING TRISH DOWN GENTLY, HE RACES BACK TO THE PARAPET...

...AND GAZES IN HORROR AT THE MADNESS BELOW.

TENS OF THOUSANDS OF SLEEPING NEW YORKERS IN ASSORTED STATES OF DRESS AND UNDRRESS LEAP FROM WINDOWS, RAGE BLINDLY INTO TRAFFIC, THEIR VOICES COMINGLING IN A CONTINUOUS SIREN-LIKE SHRIEK, AS THEY ALL RUN FROM THE SAME NAMELESS HAUNTER...



AND THE SITUATION IN THE VILLAGE IS NO BETTER.

STEPHEN...WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S DRIVEN THEM ALL INSANE?



SUDDENLY-- FROM THE WINDOW OF THE GUEST ROOM ABOVE!



...EVEN! WHATEVER MADNESS PLAGUES THE OTHERS MUST ALSO HAVE STRUCK DR. BANNER--AND THE EMOTIONAL TRAUMA--!



...NOT WHEN WE ARE FACED WITH THE TASK OF HALTING A BREATHNATH GONE BERSERK!

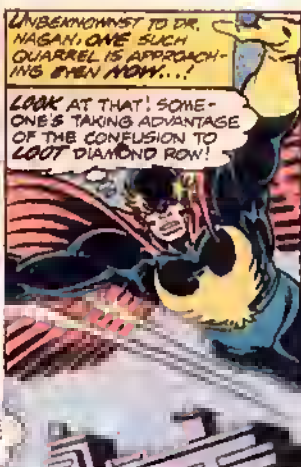






WE'LL HAVE NO NEED TO CONQUER THE WORLD. WE'LL OWN IT.

CONTROL... THAT'S THE KEY. BRUTE FORCE SETTLES ONLY PETTY QUARRELS



UNBEKNOWNST TO DR. NAGAN, ONE SUCH QUARREL IS APPROACHING... EVEN NOW...

LOOK AT THAT! SOMEONE'S TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION TO LOOT DIAMOND ROW!



BUT CONTROL... THE ABILITY TO MOVE MEN AND EVENTS IN A DESIRED DIRECTION... THAT IS POWER!



YOU KNOW, YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T SKULK AROUND ON ROOFTOPS THIS WAY.



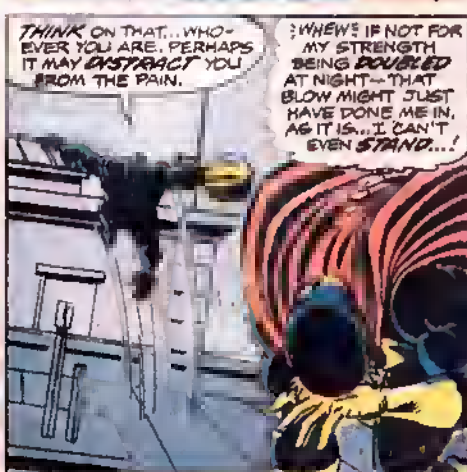
YOU CAN NEVER TELL WHO'LL FLY BY AT AN INOCCUPANT... OH, NO... IT CAN'T BE!

I COULDN'T SEE YOU CLEARLY... FROM HIGH ABOVE... I... YOU'RE NOT HUMAN!!



CHASH!

AND I REVEAL THE FACT.



THINK ON THAT... WHO-EVER YOU ARE, PERHAPS IT MAY DISTRACT YOU FROM THE PAIN.

WHEN'S IF NOT FOR MY STRENGTH BEING DOUBLED AT NIGHT - THAT BLOW MIGHT JUST HAVE DONE ME IN, AS IT IS... I CAN'T EVEN STAND...!

MINUTES LATER, ACROSS TOWN...



START THE CAR WHILE I GET CHONDJU INTO THE BACK SEAT.



WHILE, IN THE VILLAGE...

I TRIED TO WARN YOU, VAL, THANK THE VISHANTI, YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT.



HULK DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT GIRL. GIRL IS HULK'S FRIEND...



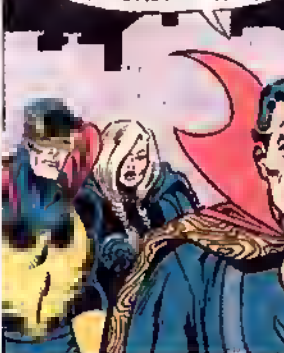
I ONLY WISH WE KNEW WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE. BUT WE HAVEN'T SO MUCH AS A CLUE TO--



AND WHEN NIGHTHAWK HAS TOLD THE TALE OF THE APEMAN-THIEF...



AND IF SO... WHAT THEN? HAVE WE HEARD THE LAST OF HIM?



NEXT: THE SONS OF THE SERPENT!

